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religious principles which ought to guide our
daily conduct.—From Preface.

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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, December 31.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Supply.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.; 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. M. WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11, Rev. J. A. PEARSON; 6.30, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR, M.A.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. E. CAPLETON; 6.30, Mr. E. A. CARLIER.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH. No Service at 6.30.
 Hounslow Public Library, 6.30, Mr. W. T. COLYER.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROBER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Mr. F. EDWIN ALLEN.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt D., M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. E. A. CARLIER; 6.30, Mr. E. CAPLETON.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15 and 7, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, 27B, Merton-road, 7, Mr. A. J. ALLEN.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. J. WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 6.30, Rev. J. A. PEARSON.
 ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 BEADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.
 BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, East Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. LYDDON TUCKER, M.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Rev. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30, Mr. C. F. HINTON.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.
 (DEAN ROW, 10.45, and
 STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-squares, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.
 GEE CROSS, 11, Rev. H. E. DOWSON; 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Chapel Anniversary (239th), Communion at Evening Service, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. K. H. BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MORETONHAMPTON, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. J. W. COCK; 6.30, United Service, Rev. H. E. DOWSON, B.A.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 CAPETOWN.
 Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.
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 WATCH NIGHT SERVICES.
 December 31.
 HIGHGATE-HILL, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 p.m., Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 ISLINGTON, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 p.m., Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.

DEATH.

FARRINGTON.—On December 19, at Cannes, France, the Rev. Silas Farrington, aged 81 years, and was interred in the Protestant Cemetery of Cannes, on December 21.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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*** All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE terrible news which comes from Tabriz shows that the Russians are exacting vengeance from the Nationalist patriots of Persia with a savagery even exceeding that of the Italian troops in Tripoli. If, as is supposed, the disorders have been deliberately stirred up, in spite of the surrender of the Persian Government, by certain Russian officials, this only affords one more illustration of the demoralisation which follows acts of tyranny and injustice. The Russians defend the outrages upon the inhabitants of Tabriz on the ground that the severest suffering must be inflicted upon the Nationalists for daring to oppose the occupation. The *Novoe Vremya*, indeed, goes so far as to declare that “ true humanity demands cruelty ! ” It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that those who are most fervent in their desire to preserve their national independence should prefer the prospect of fighting to the last for the freedom which we fear is irretrievably lost, rather than incur the odium of meekly submitting to a shameful despotism. As far as Great Britain is concerned, all who have hitherto regarded England as the friend of oppressed nations must be watching the trend of our foreign policy with the gravest apprehensions. It is impossible to deny that we share with Russia the responsibility for the humiliation of Persia, and the question may well be asked whither our exaggerated fears, and the agreements into which we have entered as the result of those fears, are leading us ? Shall not we, also, and rightly, have to pay a heavy price for taking the side of the strong against the weak, and cynically disregarding the noble traditions which belong to a time

when we were not afraid to champion the oppressed nations of the earth ?

* * *

THE Russian people — those silent millions who have nothing to do with the subjugation of Persia, and whose sole task it is to maintain a precarious existence in the face of the direst poverty — are suffering meanwhile great distress as a result of the partial or complete failure of the crops in no less than twenty provinces. “ Taken altogether,” says Mr. Tchaykovsky in his moving account of the famine in the *Daily News*, “ the deficiency in all these stricken provinces amounted to 63 per cent., or nearly two-thirds, of the average crop. This shortage in breadstuffs is colossal, amounting to 48,000,000 quarters of grain. Nineteen and a half millions of people . . . were in November described by the local authorities as ‘ deserving State assistance ’ ” ; and in addition to this there are the absolutely destitute, who numbered, according to the Premier, *only* 8,200,000 !

* * *

IN face of this awful calamity the bureaucracy is struggling hard, apparently, to keep up its imagined reputation for efficiency, “ but political distrust is too deeply rooted,” as Mr. Tchaykovsky points out, and in its fear of a renewal of the revolution the bureaucracy insists on having the field to itself. “ There is a Government monopoly of relief, and all individuals or organisations suspected of a progressive tendency are jealously and stringently shut out. . . . Such attempts to bind our hearts and hands are and must be futile. We insist that no power on earth at such a time and before such a need has the right to hinder, and we only desire that our friends and sympathisers in this country will strengthen our hands with their moral and material support.”

* * *

THE theological differences in the Church of England seem, from the newspaper

reports, to have been strikingly evident on Christmas Day. Dean Inge, at St. Paul’s, emphasised “ the mystery of the incarnation.” The Bishop of London, at Fulham Parish Church, said the Church must cherish as strongly as ever “ the beautiful story of the birth from a pure virgin.” The reasons given were “ because two great scholars had shown them during the last month that it was the oldest part of the Christmas story, and because it gave them just what they were looking for ; it started a new power, a new spring of purity and strength.” How and why the virgin birth gives this new power and purity he does not explain ; nor does he tell us who the two great scholars are who have during the last month discovered that this story of the virgin birth is the oldest and most authentic of Christian dogmas. Canon Hensley Henson, at St. Margaret’s, affirmed that the birth stories were now generally assumed by the learned to belong less to history than to poetry. “ If any had been troubled by recent controversies within the Church as to the article of the Creed which Christmas might be thought to emphasise, he would affectionately entreat them to remember that faith in the divineness of Jesus did not at the first, and need not now, consist of a dogma as to his miraculous birth. Such a dogma might, or might not, continue to find itself in the general belief of the Church. It could never rise into an importance which it did not originally possess.” Canon Henson must have failed to notice the two great scholars mentioned by the Bishop of London, who during the past month have settled the question. He is still under the impression of the learned world before last month, that the virgin birth is by no means the most primitive element in Christianity, and that it is not essential to the Church.

* * *

THESE striking differences of opinion would be in place in a large free catholic national church, unbound by hard creeds and articles. They would be a sign of life

and independent thought; they would be a witness to a wise tolerance and an underlying unity. But occurring as they do to-day in a Church still subject to the yoke of very definite dogmatic bonds, they mark an approach to the breaking point. It is not right and well that in the same Church men should go on contradicting one another to this extent, under the cover of a common creed. Men might conceivably, and rightly, work together and tolerate each other in a Free Catholic Church, where the basis was religious, a common faith in God and reverence for Christ; but in a church like the Anglican Church of to-day, where the basis is dogma and creed, such differences as those between the Bishop of London and Canon Henson are irreconcilable, and lead to weakness and disaster.

* * *

M. ONÉSIME RECLUS, in the *Revue*, has recently asserted that the only religious body in France is the Roman Catholic Church. Protestantism has been declining rapidly in the last fifty years. Before the Franco-German war the Lutherans numbered 281,000; now they only number 80,000. Minor creeds have dropped from 40,000 to 10,000. The French Jews number at most 100,000, and the Huguenots 750,000. French Protestants represent only one-sixtieth of the population of France. The Protestants no longer possess the same faith or the same moral and intellectual force as formerly. "Prosperity has spoiled them. They have sunk into the quicksands of rationalism, politics and finance. Though still powerful in the State they are coming to the end of their destiny." How far this is true we do not pretend to say. So far as it is true, it is a challenge to Modernism, both Catholic and Protestant. There is no fairer field for Liberal Christianity to-day than in France. We decline utterly to believe, on the one hand, that France can do without Christianity in permanence; and that, on the other hand, it must be Roman Catholic or nothing.

* * *

CANON BARNETT, in a letter to the *Times*, refers in strong terms to the disposition of charitably disposed people to give their money freely in response to appeals which are made to them on behalf of the poor, without finding out for themselves how their funds are administered, and whether assistance is given to those who need it in such a way as not to increase their degradation. It is so easy to assume that by the mere signing of a cheque we have done all that is required of us, without undertaking those duties which would really make us more useful citizens and discourage the idea that the poor are "lower beings, whose sins" their benefactors may con-

demn, "or whose poverty they may patronise."

* * *

"For the sake of the poor," Canon Barnett continues, "and for the sake of the stability of the social fabric, I would protest against those easy ways of doing good which have recently become so popular. The way which leads to life is always steep and narrow, and the way which leads to a happy and healthy England is not found by those who by a casual gift 'press a button, and let some one else do the rest.' I am no advocate of a let-alone policy—but good can only be done at cost to the doer. People of good-will must, I believe, take pains to study the problem of poverty, themselves examine into the proposed methods of help, and see that they are such as are thorough and increase self-respect in the recipients, and they must when they begin to give help hold on to the end. Givers indeed may take it as an axiom that the good they do can be measured by the cost it involves to themselves."

* * *

THE Indian National Congress was opened in Calcutta last Tuesday. The gathering was estimated at 7,000, and the keynote of the meeting was a feeling of jubilation at the King-Emperor's visit and at the concessions announced at the Durbar. Pandit Bishen Narayan Dar, a barrister of the United Provinces, was elected President, but as he was unwell his address was read by a friend. He reviewed the political situation, referring gratefully to the visit of the King and Queen and to the boons announced at their Coronation, and to many other matters relating to the future development of India. He advocated compulsory education and the wider employment of Indians in the public services, and supported the schemes for Hindu and Moslem universities and an elementary education bill. He also urged the reform of the police service. In concluding, Mr. Dar said: "Agitate for political rights by all means, but do not forget that the true salvation of India lies in the amelioration of her social and moral conditions."

* * *

In a letter to the *Nation* relating to the recent prosecutions for blasphemy, the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie expresses his appreciation of the sane and reverent way in which the *Nation* deals with "questions in which principles of religious freedom and progress are involved." He adds: "If once it were recognised that religion, as you say, is 'a spiritual influence working by reason, by imagination, by the emotions, drawing men into its fold, and never driving them,' there would be an end to such absurd prosecutions for blasphemy as you so forcibly repudiate."

THE YEARS THAT THE LOCUST HATH EATEN.

THERE is an element of tender melancholy in brooding over departed years. Each one of them forms a volume which, slender or sumptuous, must be appraised as beyond price. We have shelf-room only for some three score and ten of these, and that assuming our collection goes fairly well. Each passing year is thus a kind of Doomsday Book in which we have inscribed, often with unconscious but always with absolute fidelity, the whole record of our inward and outward life.

And to-day we are at the last page. Before to-morrow dawns we shall have written the subscription "Actum Est," and put our year's folio into the case which seems to be filling up with astonishing swiftness. We know, too, and this adds solemnity to our reflection, that for many the next year's volume will cease abruptly somewhere, leaving blank pages before which some reverent scribe must write "To be continued in our next."

A few hours of the present year remain. Let us put the lights out and draw up a cosy chair to the fire and pensively watch the flames. It is very quiet; shadow and light chase each other about the room, and everything invites to reflection. There is just light enough to read the entries. As our fingers stray musingly over the leaves we sigh, yet not altogether sadly. There is some satisfaction, some delight even, but probably more regret; a blot of failure here, but there a gleam of illuminated achievement. We cannot read it all now, but we rustle the pages lingeringly with alternating emotions of blame and approval.

Is it all closed and done with, this past? Must we see in this living document only the terrible tyranny of an enacted truth? Is it all gone, gone for ever, beyond recall, beyond reparation, finally, irretrievably gone? Can nothing restore to us the years that the locust hath eaten? Shall we rustle these pages of the past only to hear them like leaves of autumn patter to the ground, or flutter away through the sky with faint sounds of a far farewell? There is surely some strange deliciousness, some infinite sweetness of seduction in surrendering to this mood of reverie, the consoling melancholy of retrospect, the relief, the release, the submission as of a soul sinking back contentedly to die into God's large oblivion. "There," we say, "that is finished; well or ill, at any rate finished." We rest, nay, almost refresh ourselves in the past. What is there in it that caresses the mind so powerfully, woos it beyond resistance or denial? Is it not chief of all this—that we feel convinced that, unlike the present and unlike the future, *the past has no duties*. It appears as a mighty realm in which we may wander

without further responsibility. We look at the present, we anticipate the future, only to see Duty beckoning sternly to us. But here is a world in the past where we may roam at will through its grey epic or crimson romance rejoicing in our privilege to look on as at a stage drama. Villain and hero are there, and we may be both at once without blame or merit. We are irresponsible, and our admirations and revulsions commit us to nothing. Tumultuous vitality of emotion may be there, but—no duty! After the tension and the strain of moral struggle, what soothing and repose in this world without duty! Of course we do not say this; we hardly dare formulate it into distinct thought, but we feel it as we hitch our chair an inch nearer the glowing grate with a little smile of sensuous pleasure. So we momentarily withdraw from the battle of to-day and the anxiety of to-morrow to drowse through the dim yesterdays that are already half-dream. Baffled by contemporary difficulties, irritated by their exactingness, we retreat to the spacious days of old and make associates "of deities or of mortals, or of both, in Tempe or the dales of Arcady."

This is doubtless one reason why disillusioned minds have been lured to live in the thirteenth century or in pre-Christian Greece. They think that the past is irretrievable. They cannot fight its battles o'er again or reverse its victories and defeats, but they can still watch them and thrill to them as imaginative spectators. They cannot undo its iniquities or rectify its errors, for there they are engrossed and blazoned on the everlasting scroll. "The Moving Finger writes"—the quotation is too familiar. So strong is this conviction that one of the classic instances of what even God cannot do is the changing of the past.

Now it is not from any frivolous perversity or love of paradox that we take courage to say that few things are easier than to change the past. It is the future which is really irrevocable. As we believe in God and in a final end, we know that the ultimate future will be what He means it to be. Its features are sure, though we cannot now define them, and this, again, though we be libertarian enough to affirm that their shaping depends in part upon us. But the past is fickle, and by no means entirely fixed or rigid. We can and do change it hourly, daily, and in many ways. Its combinations and complexities are infinitely variable. At most (best or worst) what is irrevocable and adamant in it is only as the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope—call them the data of science or the deposits of faith. Think of them, if such be your philosophy, as remaining (so long as they are examined apart from the kaleidoscope) ever the same. But move your instrument of vision round about, and immediately they assume

diverse combinations of shapes and colours, though these in turn may be "given" in the very structure of your apparatus. So it is with the past, yet with this immeasurable difference, that as our mind is the kaleidoscope, we can never look at the things of the past in detachment from the vital continuum of our life. What they are, if they are at all, in their fixity and apart from our mind we cannot tell. We must see them through our mental kaleidoscope, from which we cannot separate ourselves. By looking at them now with this turn, now with that, we seek to construct the best forms out of them, and so read into them and out of them their deepest truth and divinest meaning. In other words, we change the past, like everything else, by our way of looking at it. If it be said that nevertheless in the eternal consciousness the past is without variation or shadow of turning, we may reply that in that case there is one thing man can do which God cannot do, and that is to change the past. But in truth it is illegitimate and unphilosophical to use the idea of Eternity in this way, for Eternity is precisely what swallows not merely the past, but the present and the future, leaving us with a thought which does not tolerate the indignities of time. But, be this as it may, the past is for us men very changeable. We gaze on a familiar landscape, known in every rock and upland, tree and meadow. Let the scene be as rigid as the Alps, yet it is not changeless. It is not even geologically changeless, but let that pass. It is not changeless to you. You have seen the Jungfrau in the light of an after-glow with streaks of fire that ran like molten gold down its sides. A few hours later you saw it in a moonlit haze of blue serenity, when the stars in their icy glitter seemed to strike an audible silver tinkling. Such, too, are the most relentless features of the past, constant or changing as our mental atmosphere is one or variable. The climate of our spirit transfigures the meaning of its accomplished facts.

There are many ways of regarding the past. There is the hard, stoical way of bearing austere its squalid record of futility and waste. There is the Christian way, which finds place for forgiveness of sins, the redemption of the world, the repetition of lost chances. So far is SHELLEY from being right when he says, "The Past is Death's; the future is thine own," that we must say the past is Life's; the past lives on into our consciousness, and is modifiable there. Men say the present has its roots in the past. When will they learn to say that the past has roots, trunk, and growing branches in the present, and "evil shall die like dung about the root, and climb converted into fruit?" Is there no deeper meaning than the ordinary shallow one in the saying that we can "live down" the past?

Or, in the Christian doctrine, that past sin is not irrevocable because by penitence, by forgiveness, by new accession of grace, it can be transformed into a strength of virtue henceforth entrenched securely in a deepened experience? Is it not still profoundly true that "the greatest of all afflictions is an affliction lost," an affliction which we have failed to transmute by a divine alchemy of soul into fortitude and peace, and an unselfish resignation of spirit.

The past is Life's; the past, it is thine own to work up again some time (far off, at last, to all) into nothing but perfect beatitude of being. It is changeable because it has not yet received either its final interpretation of thought or its final contribution of life. It is malleable, mouldable, plastic, capable of infinite enrichment. We have our duty to the past if only this duty, to understand it aright and to redeem its evil into good. We have our duty to the past because it is the sober truth to say that *the past is still in the making*. We have to change its dead achievements into vital opportunities for the coming day. God will seek again all those things which are passed away, seek them and find them in accord with His own divine intent.

J. M. LL. T.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE EVANGELICAL TRADITION.

It is a mistake to think of the evangelical tradition as consisting simply in a by no means stable complex of thought-forms and faith-forms; the real question is as to what life-impulse has found expression therein. The true "evangelical" holds his thought-forms loosely; he only clings tenaciously to them when you attempt to take them from him—like a man, who cares but little about the coat he is wearing, will fight for it if you try to take it from him, since it is the only one he has to go about in among his friends. The things which are most prominent in times of controversy are seldom the real things. The late Edith Martineau writes:—

"May I now try to tell you that much as I had expected, and looked forward to, in hearing Dr. McLaren, the real thing went far beyond, and was more satisfying and inspiring than I had dared to hope? There was very little (insisted upon) with which we could not go, while the heart of the matter was so brought out as almost to lift one off one's feet, and transfigure one's con-

Dr. McLaren, of Manchester. By E. T. McLaren. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Evangelical Christianity, its History and Witness. Edited by W. B. Selbie, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

ception of life and its spirit and possibilities."

Dr. McLaren stood in the main stream of evangelical tradition, and is typical. It is a good many years ago since the writer, then a raw student, paid his first visit to Union Chapel to hear Dr. McLaren preach; the impression still remains of an erect, healthy man, highly charged with a radiating spiritual energy of which the fervent speech seemed to be but the materialised, embodied waves. That preaching was primarily an expression of experience; it was a glowing witness to experience; there may have been attempts or suggestions in the way of interpreting the experience, but these are forgotten, they were on the fringe, they were secondary, they were not "insisted upon"; the central thing was the challenge of experience offered to the potentiality of the same in the hearts of the hearers. That is the red strand which runs through the whole length of the line of evangelical tradition. There are other facts about it, but that is the truth about it.

This fact is asserted again and again in those lectures which, delivered by leaders of the different evangelical denominations, Dr. Selbie presents in his book, "Evangelical Christianity."

For the Church of England, Dr. A. J. Carlyle asserts the historical position of that communion to be:—

"That the centre of the Christian life lies in the experience of the human heart, of the reconciliation of man to God through faith which forgets the poor and humble goodness which is in ourselves, and lives upon the reality of God's forgiveness and grace."

More elaborately, and with more interpretative suggestion, Dr. Powicke declares the "substantial core of the Congregational witness" to be:—

"A Church which is a visible society of those who commune together in the powers of a common life derived from Christ, who are spiritually equal by virtue of a direct personal relation to Him,—servants and brethren one of another; and who are inspired by an *esprit de corps*, a moral enthusiasm, a spirit of discipline, which aims both instinctively and deliberately to reject what is alien, and assimilate what is akin, to the growth of a perfect Christian character."

Similarly, for the Baptists, Dr. Newton Marshall says:—

"The centre of gravity of the Baptist conception of the Gospel and the Church was not, and is not, baptism, but conversion."

Mr. Edward Grubb, for the Society of Friends, quotes the experience and the message of George Fox:—

"Fox came to them with no 'New Theology' woven by processes of thought; no lore of Schoolmen, gained from the study of books; no dream of a coming catastrophe when the proud should be overturned and the saints should rule the earth. He did but tell them that Christ had met him; that He had satisfied his inward hunger with the bread of His living presence; that what

he had found they could find also, for 'Christ had come to teach His people Himself.' They need not seek to find God through the words of learned divines or man-made preachers; for He Himself was present with His light and truth in the depths of every human heart, and would reveal Himself to all who would but listen and obey."

And, finally, Professor Peake, with a stronger doctrinal flavour characteristic of Methodism, says:—

"Methodism affirms the boundless love of God in Christ, the universal sweep of His redemption. It offers the Gospel call to every man, and urges him to accept it without delay. Repentance, which is the sorrow for sin and the resolute turning from it, and faith, which is the self-renouncing trust in which the soul casts itself on Christ for salvation—these, it proclaims, are the only conditions of salvation."

It is interesting, in the light of these statements, to turn to a letter given in the biography of Dr. McLaren, written when he was but 14 years of age, to a Rev. David Russell, who had conducted a Bible Class which young McLaren attended; the purpose of the letter is to give to his teacher an account of the "working of my mind." In it he describes the effect of a sermon heard at some revival meeting:—

"All my sin rushed upon me as I had never before seen it. I sat trembling. I saw all my guilt, and that it was by looking to Christ and to his finished work alone that I could hope to be saved. My sins appeared in all their enormity, and I found peace and pardon in believing that Christ is the Saviour. Since then I have found that peace increasing every day, and have found in reading the Bible and in prayer great joy and pleasure such as I have never felt before."

This is peculiarly interesting in that it shows how instinctively an inward experience was not examined for what it was in itself, but was immediately cast into traditional thought-forms and faith-forms. This was natural enough in a lad of tender years, but it is characteristic of the evangelical habit. Luther did the same; so did George Fox, and so did John Wesley; so also, of course, did the apostle Paul. There comes a sense of breaking inward light, of descending inward peace, of up-welling joy, and immediately this glowing spiritual material is cast into the vessels that lie near at hand, provided by the Church for the purpose. The experience is made to run into certain forms and formulæ, as it were. There is also an invariable association of it with the near approach, somehow or other, of the invisible presence of Jesus Christ. So uniform is this association that perhaps it would be the truth to say that evangelical religion bases upon an inward experience referred to personal contact with the Spirit-Jesus.

The writer may be permitted to refer to an experience of his own, coming in early days, and marking the beginnings of a real conscious religious life. Passing

from an evening prayer meeting across a small yard which divided the little manse from his father's chapel, he was arrested, as his finger lay on the latch of the house-door, by an extraordinary sense of inward enlargement and expansion. The whole sky of stars seemed to descend like a curtain towards his upturned face, and surrounded him with almost magic light; there was a moment of pain, of apprehension as of something strange happening, and then the feeling of deep calmness and rest and joy. It was as if an interior film had been broken through, and a deeper life had ascended and spread over the soul, submerging it in quiet large waters. In a few seconds it was all over. Subsequently reflecting on that experience, it seemed impossible to explain it save on the assumption that the Spiritual Jesus had drawn nigh, whispered in the ear of the soul, received His answer by the opening of a door wherethrough He had passed according to His promise to "come in and abide" with whomsoever would receive Him.

It is this inward experience of enlargement and liberation as being somehow or other due to "meeting with Christ," which is the core of the evangelical tradition. Doubtless it is true that, with the advances made in psychological science, such experiences may be differently explained to-day; it is certain that many of the faith-forms into which it used to be cast have been thrown aside; but the vivid consciousness of one's personal life as being "saved" by being linked up with, taken into, a wider personal being; the consciousness of membership in the invisible Christ-body which is being formed within the human race, and interpreted—indeed, felt, and made real—as a fellowship with a living Lord; this is the dynamic centre of the evangelical tradition.

To speak out of this experience, rather than about it; to publish it, rather than interpret it; to witness to it, rather than argue about it; is the evangelical method. For this cause have we been saved from a barren intellectualism, though we have not unseldom fallen into the snare of a mere sentimental mysticism. There seems, however, to have been a vividness, a pungency, an almost electrical quality about the evangelical witness, which has enabled it to triumph in large measure over its mistakes, and over the swaddling-clothes of its orthodoxies, and to bring the touch of life not simply to myriads of individual hearts, but in no small measure to the community as a whole.

It deserves to be remembered that, even when those who have been born into the evangelical tradition have renounced many of the doctrinal positions usually associated with it, it is impossible for them to deny their history. They cannot enter into the womb a second time. This is really all to the good; for, when the time comes that many still-remaining boundaries and barriers shall go down, into the wider religious community, the more catholic church that shall then arise, along this channel there will flow vital streams, deeper and more potent, perhaps, by reason of the narrow banks through which they have thus far been conveyed.

E. W. LEWIS.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" AND THE MODERN MIND.

LIBERAL Christians must beware of falling into the sad error of regarding with contempt the great men of past ages merely because they held views which to us are repellent and baneful; we are prone to overlook the fact that all men are more or less children of their age. Had we lived in pre-Reformation times it does not follow that Papal supremacy would have tottered earlier than it did, had we been contemporary with the Puritans we might so far have failed in discernment as to have seen no necessity for a new theology at all! In short, we must not bring such devout souls as the Puritans and the early Methodists to the bar and judge them in accordance with our twentieth century canons.

From this error the "Pilgrim's Progress" suffers. It circulates everywhere, but is it read to any extent? Does it provide nourishment for the spirit? It gets into almost every home somehow, maybe as an heirloom, as a Sunday School prize, or perchance it is purchased as a conventional ornament fit to rank with the Family Bible as a repository for dust. I am convinced that however it may be neglected those who are indifferent to its worth are poorer thereby. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is of course the offspring of the Bible; it has been well said that it follows the Bible "as the singing of the birds follows the dawn," and inevitably, therefore, it has suffered with the Bible. By this I mean that people who erroneously suppose that modern criticism has deprived the Bible of all merit or use are prone to entertain the same delusion with regard to a work so inseparable therefrom as Bunyan's great allegory. Further, many people think only of the book as containing a theology that is archaic and revolting, and suppose therefore that it is wholly uninspiring. Whatever others may feel this to my mind is a great mistake, for the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, so far as a theological work can be, as human as Dickens or Lamb, though I admit a strong indictment may be made against its theology. It is this humanity that will preserve it from neglect through all the changes of thought. If the world unhappily became Atheistic and worshipped nothing, or Positivistic and worshipped itself, there would be enough truth discernible to the seeing eye to ensure its being read, for it deals primarily with human experience which is largely unaffected by changing creeds.

The most serious charge that has been brought against the book has been that it inculcates a selfish ideal of the Christian life. Professor Henry Drummond, Dr. John Hunter, the Rev. J. H. Jowett and others have thus animadverted upon it, and the *Clarion* some years ago gave a revised version of the concluding paragraphs in which Christian and Hopeful were described as being refused admission through the pearly gates because they had come alone, whereupon they swooned away. These charges arise, I think, from too little consideration of the exigencies of allegorical treatment. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is an allegory; in other words,

it puts spiritual conceptions into material symbols, and in so doing Bunyan was compelled to accept the inevitable limitations thereof; complete consistency could not be achieved. Consider, for instance, the particular in which Christian's conduct has been described as especially shameful—his desertion, as it is called, of his family, a course of conduct which, it is interesting to recall, was literally carried out by the Buddha. Surely, a man in reality lives the Christian life alone; your experience may touch mine in many places but never in all. The book is the record of a soul, and Christian may have got and still may get to the Celestial City without parting company with his wife and family, and if we are to suppose that Bunyan advocated indifference to their claims we may as well suppose that Jesus did so when he said that he who forsook not father and mother, brother and sister, and wife for his sake was an unworthy disciple. Take a man who is the only Christian in his household. I do not mean one who merely attends church and professes a certain creed, but one who, conscious of imperfection, strives to follow the pattern of Christ and aspires to reach his ideal. Supposing his efforts to influence his family are unavailing, he starts on a pilgrimage which they do not follow, he has experiences which they are at a loss to understand, in time he reaches a level of spiritual life which is as incredible to them as was the existence of Celestial City to Christiana and her neighbours, yet all the time he may be joining in their "trivial round" and "common task." Christian, then, having endeavoured to secure the company of his wife, but without avail, starts on his pilgrimage. Supposing Bunyan had wished to describe him as communicating with his wife? In the absence of telephones (a mixed blessing which Puritans were denied) he could not be described as doing so, and if it be suggested that the post was open to him I reply that letters were in Bunyan's day so expensive that it would have been incongruous to have represented a labouring man like Christian as resorting to that means. Bunyan, therefore, came to portray his hero as literally carrying out Christ's command to leave all and follow him, but we are surely to translate it in another light, viz., that the spiritual life being essentially a peculiarly individual and for the most part solitary experience, he found a new geography which his friends and relatives in the City of Destruction had never dreamed of, in which the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Hill Difficulty, and Doubting Castle were prominent features. We who follow after him find bleak wastes, barren deserts, and desolate mountains, as well as Lands of Beulah, Rivers of Life, and Delectable Mountains from which finer prospects may be descried, which those who are unfamiliar with the higher planes of life never behold.

If it be urged that Bunyan insists too strongly on individual salvation, it must be remembered that this is not merely an indictment of Bunyan, it is also an indictment of Puritanism. Christian, moreover, although he does not preach while on pilgrimage, uses his best endeavours to

secure the salvation of the wayfarers by personal dealing, and Faithful's heroic death at Vanity Fair, a great example—the most powerful of all sermons—makes a pilgrim of Hopeful: they cannot be said to be indifferent to their fellows. Bunyan was probably not concerned in the least with the literary aspect of his work, probably the doctrine of art for art's sake was never conceived of by him; but it was undoubtedly wise that he should not overcrowd his canvas, a very serious error in an allegory. We are not to understand that because so few sojourners to the New Jerusalem are portrayed that Bunyan felt that they were very few; his object was to draw types, an achievement which, says Walter Bagehot, distinguishes the really classical writer. Moreover, with all our emphasis on social salvation, we must agree that it is demanded of a man before he seeks to improve the condition of his fellows that he should be making a conscious and serious effort to realise the best life in himself. The reformation of a nation cannot really be effected without the reformation of its units; as Carlyle, our modern Puritan, was fond of asserting, the first step in the propagation of truth is to be sure that we ourselves have done with falsehood. Bunyan, therefore, gives us half the truth which we are complementing to-day.

If then we are not blinded by misconception we shall, I think, be prepared to appreciate Bunyan as one who held a master key for unlocking human hearts. Arnold, of Rugby, must have felt this when he wrote, "I have left off reading our divines, I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity"; and later, "I have always been struck by its piety, I am now struck equally or even more by its profound wisdom." Bunyan's presentation of the Christian life is nothing if it is not virile. The progress of the pilgrim is not merely a journey, it is a campaign, and Bunyan is a spiritual realist who found life a battle and could not, and would not, as "Grace Abounding" demonstrates, describe it as a "primrose path." How magnificent, for instance, is the account of the fight with Apollyon, who had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, a mouth like a lion, and emitted fire and smoke. You need not believe in the personality of the Devil to appreciate that! The scene of the battle is the Valley of Humiliation (Christian's weakness was pride) and after long and strenuous combat Christian is wounded and deep in despair. It is only when at the last gasp, with a lunge of his sword, he wounds his adversary and compels him to withdraw. Men who find life a placid experience, and are strangers to conflict with what Lord Morley called "that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the Churches call sin" will not understand that, but we, who know ourselves, and how the Godlike is always at war with the beast in us, need no interpreter! Deliverance came to Christian at the eleventh hour, and often does it seem so in the experience of our struggling souls.

In a phrase Bunyan can describe the deepest emotions of the heart. Thus

the almost overwhelming obstacles that may confront the earnest soul and can only be overcome by long and persistent effort are suggested by the simple statement that Christian could ascend Hill Difficulty *only on hands and knees*. The hill is one of a whole range that we all know, and a diary of spiritual experience is in Bunyan's phrase. Again, with tremendous daring Christian is described as considering, when a prisoner in Doubting Castle, whether life is worth living, and even as contemplating suicide. This is more than many of our modern realists would dare, to suggest that a man with such a cognomen would fall to such depths; but Bunyan knew the despair that can overwhelm even a good man, though he knew also (thank God) that Giant Despair had fits in sunshiny weather (a blessed symptom still happily continuing!) and that no castle of his was impregnable so long as Hopeful was within. Hopeful is the most inspiring character in the book. He is always reminding Christian of the victories he has achieved, and encouraging him by repeating the promises of God, and he it is who keeps Christian's spirits from utterly failing in Doubting Castle and sustains him in his passage of the bridgeless river of Death. Bunyan, too, has a fine discrimination in dealing with the diverse difficulties that beset a human life, and he makes it clear that the experiences of the pilgrims are by no means alike. Thus Mr. Fearing goes through the Valley of Humiliation scathless, Faithful, compared with Christian, has few menaces, but on the other hand Faithful meets Discontent and Shame, he is offered sensual pleasures by Madam Wanton and Adam the First, whom Christian had not so much as met. Truly we come by devious and diverse ways to the Celestial City. Of what may be called Bunyan's regenerate characters one thing must be said. Although only one is called Mr. Christian, all are of that family. Because the latter is not called Faithful or Hopeful it must not be supposed that he had no vestige of those qualities, he could not have continued his pilgrimage for any length of time without them, though indeed he seems to have had the minimum of hope. Similarly it is not to be supposed that Faithful had not hope and Hopeful little faith. What is meant is that Faithful and Hopeful were Christians in whom those qualities were predominant.

Much more remains to be said, especially with regard to what I may term the unregenerate characters of the book, but enough, I hope, has been written to show that whatever Bunyan's reputation as a theologian he was a *man*, and, moreover, a writer well qualified to inspire the religious soul in the twentieth century. What we want to learn is that Bunyan's pilgrims did not walk only in Puritan times and in Puritan garb, but still rub shoulders with us in shop, in office, at home and at church, and in all kinds of apparel; for they are ourselves. Mark Rutherford is assuredly right when he says that "the qualification necessary in order to understand and properly value Bunyan is not theological learning nor in fact any kind of literary skill, but the

experience of life with its hopes and fears, bright day and black night," and if further evidence were required of Bunyan's appeal to non-theological minds, what is more striking than the warm tribute of Bernard Shaw?

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR IN THE TALMUD.

THERE is probably no charge more frequently adduced against the Jew than that "he is unwilling" to earn his livelihood by the toil of his hands, and the sweat of his brow. On all sides we are assured that he only seeks to exploit the labour of others, and take the speediest route to Park Lane by the practice of all the parasitic processes known to our modern life. We hardly seek to attribute this to his wonderful power and versatility or faculty of ready adaptation; nor do we care to be reminded that he has dominated the tailoring, cigar-making, waterproof making, ready-made clothing, and hosts of other industries, in which he is as freely sweated as his "even Christian." We do not insist upon the fact that a large quota of the anæmic girls and consumptive youths our hospitals find so alarmingly on the increase are recruited from the ranks of overworked Jewry. I am, however, seeking to show that throughout his creed and literature the dignity of labour is insisted upon with a fervour that cannot be overstated. Again, all his early training tends to lead him to realise that he must earn his own bread, and earn it by the sweat of his own brow. I know that in advancing so startling and unpopular a theory I am sapping at the very roots of prejudice that is deeply implanted in the minds of many who have mechanically consented to accept all the theories as to his exploiting without further question.

Long before the Christian era Rabbi Meir said: "Enter any trade; do not make an excuse that there are many poor in it. It is folly to say 'It is a bad trade.' Toil and toil again, and you will make your bread." Rabbi Simon taught: "The birds of the air, the beasts of the field have their sustenance provided, but man must labour for his and rejoice in his privilege." "Rather skin a carcass in the public market and take thy pay than depend idly upon the pity and the charity of others. In the first case you are a workman, in the latter a beggar." "If thou canst not find employment in the city, quit it at once for another; you will be more successful." Such a dictum as this ought to tend to dissipate much unhappy prejudice: "He who does not teach his son a trade, teaches him to rob mankind." Think again of the breadth and magnificence of this: "The workman at his bench is the superior of the priest at the altar." "The priest must rise with respect before the worker at his craft." "All education not conjoined with healthy manual work will make one useless and helpless." "To live by toil is of greater worth than idle useless piety which benefits nobody." "The wise man honours labour, which alone dignifies the workman

and ennobles his character." "Be useful to yourself and others." The old poetic legend tells us that Adam only earned the right to touch food when he had learned the first law of labour. "Prosperity on Israel ne'er shall rest till of their worth their labour shall test." "Labour must not be interrupted, and an artisan must not rise from his work to show respect to the greatest scholar." "If a famine were to last seven years it would not enter through the door of a skilled and willing artisan." "Adam was cheered when he heard that he was to eat bread, if even by the sweat of his brow." "Some great and noble day, every hand will turn from turning and dealing unto the land from which we all live, and to which we have all our claim." "A man will never be a free man till he has some claim to a piece of land he may himself till for his own benefit." "The position does not dignify the man, the man dignifies the position." "A man who obtains his food honestly with the labour of his own hands is as great as if he had divided the Red Sea with his own power." Everywhere the dignity and the privileges of labour are insisted upon in verse, blunt axiom, parable, metaphor and simile. A Jew was taught to dread being useless above all things, and to fear ever being unable to earn the food he eats. The greatest importance was attributed to perseverance: "Do not believe a man who tells you he has toiled and gained nothing; reserve your credence for the man who tells you that he has striven and succeeded." Nothing is more contrary to the Talmudic spirit than for a man to assume a superiority over his fellows because he has had the good fortune to be born under circumstances which have enabled him to receive a better education. "The student would say I am a man and my neighbour is a man; I live in the town, he lives in the field; we both toil and labour to perform the task set us, I do not encroach on his work nor he on mine. I dare claim no merit that he dare not; he has striven to play his part, and I mine." Some of the greatest doctors were workers of the poorest degree. Hillel, the head of a famous college, earned his bread as a water-carrier; Rabbi Jochanan, one of the keenest intellects in polemical literature, was a shoemaker. Others were tailors and diggers of roads and wells, charcoal burners, bridge builders, smiths, farriers, builders. Franz Delitsch has written a luminous work on the occupations of these early quarriers in the ethics of society. Its title itself is a vindication of the Jew, "Jewish Artisan Life," at the time of Christ. Every evening the doctors were to be found giving advice to those in need of it. During the day one was a labourer, basket in hand; another would place his pickaxe down on the roadway to answer a question of civil law, or of judicial procedure. There was nothing out of the way in accosting some donkey driver or street barber with a complex issue for immediate decision. A few great and learned men, who happened to be in a sound worldly position, had to assume a rather quiet and apologetic demeanour on account of this. They were told that they could know but little indeed of the sorrows and struggles of the

masses they were proposing to legislate for. "Eat a morsel of bread and a pinch of salt before thou canst say that thou knowest the hearts of the people; and this thou shalt earn by the sweat of thine own brow."

Right through the middle ages Jewish scholars and poets always conjoined a worldly occupation with their literary exercises. To this very hour the foremost note of the leaders of the people is *work*.

Go into the mills, and the mines, and the factories among the toiling people, and you will see the poor maligned Jew, pale-faced and emaciated, as often the slave of the Jewish as the Christian sweater, for the sweater recognises no race or blood bond. Look at the colonies of Baron de Hirsch in the Argentine, at those of Baron Edmund de Rothschild in Palestine. Who turns the sod of hope with the spade of perseverance? Who turns the soil of futurity with the plough of energy? Look at the 300 young University graduates who were prevented by the Russian Government from practising their professions on account of their religion. Did they regard that as a life-long licence to prey upon the benevolent of their community? No! They went to South America, took their coats off, buried their text-books and got to work. There will be a better feeling between Jew and Englishman when they remember that they work side by side, the poor matchbox maker and the haggard "button-hole" hand. Nor does he shirk his responsibilities or possible privations when disputes and strikes try the mettle of the boldest. The religion and ethics and literature of the Jew resound with the battle-cry *work*.

Men of our race like Lassalle and Ricardo and Bernstein and Bernard Lazare and Karl Marx teach it to-day as did our Talmudic doctors of old. The Jew is not a parasite or a shirker. The whole trend of modern experience goes to prove his adaptability and fitness. Let there be a better feeling, a better understanding between the Christian and the Jew.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE AND ITS NEED OF STUDENTS.

SIR,—Since this subject has been touched upon at all, I believe it is as well that one who from the outset has set his hopes in Manchester College should voice his opinion. To begin with, I must state that long before I came to the note at the end of Mr. Rattray's letter I was fully convinced that it had been written in "some haste." For the only positive hints I could find were those underlying "constructed teaching, elocution, architecture,

art and music, and literature studied for its intrinsic literary worth." How these subjects are to be *taught* is a mystery to me. The only reply I have to that point is: "Woe unto them that cannot take up these appreciative studies by themselves." (Note! Six months' vacation.)

I firmly believe that the College is in need of *students*. One can perform great juggleries with this word. A "student," in my interpretation of the word (which is also the German interpretation), prefers receiving a working hypothesis (accepted by almost all the great Bible scholars of the day) for which detailed references *may* be given, to a "constructed theory," which he is asked to swallow *without* having his reason for doing so.

I perceive that the focus of Mr. Rattray's argument lies in what he says about the study of the Old and New Testaments. May I be permitted to state, most emphatically, that a minute textual criticism of the Scriptures is NOT required of any student. Those who know anything about modern Bible studies at all are perfectly aware that such a task would imply a study of thirty years, and not of three. The student is simply expected to get a firm hold of the idea that the Bible affords a most valuable source for the study of the evolution of religion, from its most primitive form in the cult of a tribal wargod to the sublime conception of a Universal Father. This recognition of a general principle will do no future minister any harm. And if he chooses to reject this hypothesis, "Comparative Religion" gives him a fair opportunity of "comparing reciprocal values."

He is expected to run through the three great periods of Israel's history (during three short sessions), and, apart from the religious value of this study, which acquaints him with no less devout and appreciative minds than those of Montefiore, Wellhausen, and G. A. Smith (of whom nobody would claim that they revel in details or criticise for the sake of criticism), he is thereby enabled to give sound reasons for his liberal or orthodox position, which again is left entirely to him personally.

I readily admit that the first year of the curriculum is rather a hard one for those unacquainted with the great work done in the past fifty years. But it is necessary that one should feel a little bit of compulsion until the uppermost debris of ignorance have been cleared away. For it must not be overlooked that even the post-graduate has very little knowledge of a historical interpretation of the Scriptures, which knowledge is of immense value for the practical work of the future minister.

Please remember that we are expected to appeal to cultured minds as well, and there are still many conflicts of reason with faith.

In the second and third years of the curriculum a perfectly free choice is left to the student. He may specialise on comparative religion, political economy, ecclesiastical history, or philosophy, the only condition being that he should devote a certain amount of his time to the "horrid Bible," which has made the "Kulturgeschichte" of Germany and England.

After all is said, we are to become ministers, and not lecturers; and it is absolutely necessary that we should have

a thorough acquaintance with that inexhaustible source of inspiration, to which Goethe and Shakespeare owed as much as Milton.

If there is a need of students that must be accounted for on other grounds. *Students* can always find time for devotional readings. *Students* surely won't mind giving an evening to Wordsworth. And *students* won't fail to see that the imagination and force of appeal in Deutero-Isaiah is closely akin to that of our best seers in literature.

It is *students* the College wants, and I believe there are plenty of serious men, willing to join in the work, if they but get to know of this magnificent institution, which, to my mind, is pregnant with the religious destinies of many years yet to come. A little bit more advertisement and mention from our pulpits would work wonders.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. BECKH.

Banbury, December 22, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Rattray has written to you as the late senior student of Manchester College. As its present senior, I feel it a duty to reply very briefly to his letter. What is Mr. Rattray's use of the term "free"? Freedom in its breadth of study, or freedom in its open-mindedness? I think, certainly, the latter sense is implied.

From what I know or have heard of other theological colleges, our college is not only unique in its freedom from all restraint or even prejudice in matters doctrinal, a freedom which Mr. Rattray would readily admit, but it is also unique in the breadth of its scope of study. I have experienced both these kinds of freedom. What does Mr. Rattray complain of? The amount of time expended in Biblical study? He mentions textual criticism. I was required to work at the textual criticism of the New Testament for the space of one term. As to the subject matter of the New Testament last year I studied the Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul. In the Old Testament last year I took the regular course (this year I have been *permitted to choose my own work* in this subject)—in that course we studied the conditions of the exile and post-exilic Judaism. Is this work needlessly specialised? Would it not be deemed essential rather to the education of a Christian minister? I should welcome lectures on Christian art, literature, and music, but not a single member of the college would welcome an addition to an already full lecture list. Mr. Rattray would like to see this list radically altered. I, for one, strongly differ from him.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP HOLDEN,
Senior Student.

Crewkerne, December 27, 1911.

THE REAL SOURCE OF POWER IN PREACHING.

SIR,—Dr. Lionel Tayler's perplexity in not finding in books about preaching the secret of the great preacher's power is

somewhat surprising. One would hardly expect to find the poet's secret revealed in a rhyming dictionary or the artist's in a manual of painting. There is surely no secret about the matter save this, that the preacher is born—not made. You may put a Robert Collyer to the smithy, but you can no more prevent his preaching than the poet in Burns could be killed by putting him to the plough. And when the preacher does speak because, as with Jesus, "the spirit of the Lord is upon him," he preaches because he must, and the people listen because they must. Such questions as whether his interest is to be primarily religious or primarily human can have no concern or meaning for him. His mission is too urgent to permit of such refinements. His message is given him and imperatively demands utterance, and, unless he be a St. Francis, to man alone can it be uttered. Beyond this compulsion of the spirit it is not essential that one great preacher should have anything in common with other great preachers, as Dr. Tayler seems to expect. The spirit will utter itself through any instrument that is attuned to it, and there are no two instruments that will give out precisely the same sound.

Meanwhile, as we are on the subject of preaching, may I throw out the question whether we do well to place so much stress upon preaching in our services? Nonconformity in general has always given far too much importance to the sermon. Instead of being a mere occasional addendum to the service of devotion, it has come to be the main thing, and if services are too long it is not the sermon that is cut down. Now it seems to me that here we are on the wrong tack altogether. If there be any value to the individual in common services of devotion, as I firmly believe there is, that value exists independently of the sermon, and, indeed, is as likely to be hindered as aided by the introduction of the disturbing element of an individual's thought into an atmosphere of common aspiration. Experience has taught me that most of the difficulties in church life arise from the bad habit of expecting a sermon every time one goes to church. If we have a minister who is a good preacher, we grumble at him if he is not also a good pastor; if he is a good pastor, we are dissatisfied because he is not a good preacher; and the two things seem rarely to go together. And in a church that is temporarily or permanently without a minister, everybody upon whom the duty has devolved knows the difficulty and expense of obtaining supplies to carry on services that any reverent member of the congregation would be able to lead helpfully and well but for the practice of the sermon.

I do not suggest that the sermon should be dropped altogether, but that it should not be allowed to remain a habit. The average minister will more often bring us a gem of insight into Divine realities when he is expected to preach only when he feels the moving of the spirit than when, as now, he is bound to rack his brains for something to say.—Yours, &c.,

GEO. J. ALLEN.

Walden, Mill Hill, N.W.,
December 25, 1911.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE RUSSELLS OF BIRMINGHAM.

The Russells of Birmingham in the French Revolution and in America, 1791—1814. By S. H. Jeyes. London: George Allen & Co.

THE period of European and American history in which this story of the Russells is set is for many reasons of perennial interest. It was a period of great issues in both hemispheres, and a period of extraordinary men. The central figure in this volume was certainly one of the extraordinary men. Though leading what we speak of as a private life, he was imbued with the same spirit that produced the great public leaders in the struggles and experiments making for larger liberty, notably in France and in America. William Russell was a leading citizen of Birmingham, a friend of Joseph Priestley and of Gilbert Wakefield. He, like his two friends, like so many other ardent spirits in England, caught the fever of the French Revolution. And this, and his intimate connection with Priestley, brought him into trouble. The storm of abuse and violence that broke over the great divine in 1791 involved William Russell and his family. He shared with Priestley the misfortune, or honour, of having his house burnt down in the Birmingham riots of that year, and, like Priestley, this led him to abandon England and seek a new home in the new nation rising beyond the Atlantic. His life became all at once one of adventure and romance. And this book tells the story. It is compiled largely from diaries and letters written by him and his son and two daughters. They have been skilfully woven into a continuous narrative by Mr. S. H. Jeyes, a friend of Dr. William James Russell, grandson of him of whom we may well speak as the hero.

Mr. Jeyes died before publishing his book, which is now issued with a few additions by Mr. T. Herbert Russell, son of the doctor. Of the various contributions, those by the elder daughter Martha are the most entertaining and illuminating. They throw vivid sidelights upon many features of the life of the period, such lights as are more clearly visible when we follow the adventures of a quiet, unambitious family, as recorded in documents never intended for publication, than if we study the correspondence and journals of illustrious or self-conscious personages "writing with one eye on posterity," as Mr. Jeyes justly remarks.

After a thrilling account of the Birmingham Riots and the devastation wrought in the domestic life of the Russells, the story proceeds to tell of their journey to Falmouth and voyage to America. The account of the coach drive through southwest England is not the least interesting part of the diary of Martha Russell, revealing, as it does, "the manifold discomforts of travelling in England at the end of the eighteenth century, even for persons who did not need to study economy." But the more serious adventures began when the family got clear of England on board the good ship *Mary*. For they were only a few days out when a French frigate hove in sight, and by the irony of fate the Russells found themselves prisoners of war and

captured by the very nation for which they entertained such strong sympathy. It was, however, necessary to prove the sympathy before it could avail them much in their present case, and thus about five months passed before the Committee of Public Safety in Paris ordered their release. During this period they were kept prisoners on one war vessel or another lying off the coast of France, and suffered considerably, it need scarcely be said. The next part of their journey was from Brest to Paris, in 1794; and in Paris they came into close touch with the Revolution, and what it had accomplished. Distance lends enchantment, and we know how this was so as regards the French Revolution. The Russells did not find Paris either the "centre and zenith of the magnificence of the world," as they expected, or the home of the perfect law of liberty. William Russell failed to get justice done in the shape of redress for his long, undeserved captivity, and shortly we find the family on the move again for America, their original goal! Both the daughters have left accounts of their stay in Paris just at the close of the Reign of Terror, depicting something of the social, domestic, and political life of the city. They were present at a sitting of the National Convention, and were disappointed, disgusted and astonished "to a degree scarcely to be imagined." They also got seats for one day of Fouquier-Tinville's trial at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and have given descriptions.

The impressions of America, culled from the writings of the four members of the family, and from the diary of James Skey, who went over in 1798 to marry Martha Russell, form in many ways the most valuable, though not the most exciting, portion of the book. The Russells travelled about considerably before settling down in their new home in Middletown, Connecticut, and were keen and experienced observers. They entered the new Republic full of enthusiasm, and such disappointment as they felt came on gradually. It was due to the fact that life in the new land offered them too limited a range of interests and too primitive a condition of society. Had they gone to live in one of the larger towns instead of in what was little more than a village, the Russell family might have taken root in America. But as things were they were never really at home there. One judges from the glimpses one has of Priestley in these diaries that he, likewise, was largely out of touch with the life around him. He had his resources in himself, and though transplanted never sent his roots very deeply into the new soil.

It was as a weary, though not disheartened man that William Russell, in 1801, left the land to which, in 1795, he had sailed as to "a clime where peace and serenity prevail." But the time of wandering was not yet over. To return to England was for him impossible. He settled on an estate he had bought in France, and the energies of his friends and relatives were exerted to the utmost to pave the way for his final settlement in his native land. But it was not till 1813 that he saw England again, and there, after four years, he died in the home of his son-in-law at Upton-on-Severn.

This is but a brief résumé of a most interesting and illuminating volume. The final impression it leaves in the mind is that England compared very favourably at this time with France or America in the matter of personal liberty or general enlightenment; and that the Russells were glad to get back again at the end of their wanderings. The book contains, in addition, a short account of the son, Thomas Pougher Russell, and of his distinguished son, Dr. William James Russell, F.R.S., who died two years ago. The first part of the title may mislead some, because the Russells of Birmingham to-day are the descendants of William Russell's brother George, mentioned in the book; and it is this branch of the family that has preserved a continuous connection with Birmingham, and been associated with much of the best life of the growing city.

THE SE-BAPTIST AND HIS FRIENDS.

John Smith the Se-Baptist, Thomas Helwys and the First Baptist Church in England, with fresh light upon the Pilgrim Fathers' Church. By W. H. Burgess, B.A. James Clarke. 5s. net.

FOR the purposes of picturesque historians and brilliant essayists, who deal in clear and broad contrasts, a favourite field is the classical period of Puritan history, when the great lines of cleavage are already deeply marked, and the issues at stake are fully formulated. But to the student who is concerned with causes rather than with symptoms, and principles rather than pictures, a more haunting fascination is wielded by that dim and earlier period, when as yet one world was dead and another powerless to be born, and men strove blindly under the sway of unconscious forces and problems that had to wait yet a long time for lucid articulation. Instead of the stately protest of the Ejected Two Thousand, there are the uncertain voices of Brownists and Anabaptists. Instead of Baxter there are such men as Barrow, Greenwood, Penry, and John Smith the Se-Baptist. All the momentous distinctions that were afterwards to throw the spiritual life of England into opposing camps are here faintly traced and mingled in formless embryo. Thanks to the erudition of students like Mr. Burgess, and to their patience and skill in unearthing old documents, we can follow more or less intelligently these first tentative offers of movements that would by and by fill the world with their reverberations. At Scrooby and Gainsborough, under John Robinson and John Smith respectively, and afterwards at Leyden and Amsterdam, whither these early Separatist churches emigrated, the main lines of subsequent Puritan teaching were experimented upon with an immense fury of thought which one must read Mr. Burgess's pages to be able to appreciate.

Mr. Burgess shows us that we must put the date when the Scrooby and Gainsborough reformers (afterwards to be known as the Pilgrim Fathers) separated from the Church of England about 1606, rather than 1602, as is usually done. It is in the few years preceding this time that we are shown the extreme deliberation and painful scrupulousness which exercised the mind of a Puritan clergyman before he could bring

himself to separate from his mother Church. And when Smith had finally taken the sundering step he still further preserved an openness of mind for further light. "John Smith was conscious of the freshness of the venture on which they were embarking. . . . There was a strain of mysticism in his nature. He frankly sets down 'quæres' in his works of this period upon matters which were still undecided in his mind. His rapid changes of opinion brought upon him the charge of inconstancy. Necessity compelled these early Separatists to present their system as clear-cut and sharply defined in defending it against opponents, but there was more of the open vision than is often supposed." This openness to change showed itself at once on his arrival at Amsterdam, where he and his flock decided not to join the Separatist Church there because it was not sufficiently democratic in its form of government.

Perhaps we are not now able to enter into all the controversies of that time with sufficient sympathy to see how much they meant for these men. Certainly Smith's objection to the use of the Bible, except in the original tongues for the purposes of worship, and his notion that "conjoint singing" was a "carnal formality"; and his query, "whether voluntary be not as necessary in tune and words as in matter," are enough to bring upon him from many people the charge of fanaticism. And another change on his part caused consternation among his old friends; he came to the conclusion that infant baptism was unscriptural. The logical result of this was that he must be baptized again; and then, because he now thought that "the Separation" (his old friends!) was "the youngest and fairest daughter of Rome" (certain other scriptural but unpleasant epithets being applied which are too uncomfortable for quotation) there was no one outside his own true fold who could perform the ceremony. Therefore, he and his faithful friend Helwys and the rest met and dissolved the church, and then proceeded to the rite, refraining from prayer until the church had been reconstructed by baptism. And as there was no one else to do it, John Smith baptized himself.

The all-devouring intellectualism which split and split these Protestant sects went still further. Smith took up certain curious speculations on the manner of the Incarnation, and the extent to which Christ owed his nature to the Virgin. In addition to this, he came to believe that, as there was already a true church in existence which did not baptize infants, viz., the Mennonite church, he ought not to have baptized himself. So the right course was to seek for fellowship with the Mennonites and undergo a third baptism at their hands. This, of course, broke Smith's church in pieces. Even Helwys, the more slow-moving country gentleman who had given up so much for the cause, and whose wife had suffered imprisonment in York Castle, found this last vagary of his friend too much for him—the friend whom, in former days, he had nursed back to health in the spacious old Broxtowe Hall, "upon its breezy, healthy eminence overlooking Basford," which, it is to be hoped, the sons of Nottingham Puritans still visit as pilgrims. The delays

and hesitations of the Mennonites to welcome Smith and his broken company, after Helwys had "cast them out," make very pathetic and instructive reading. It is delightful to know that in this later time Smith became more liberal and graciously gentle in his controversial attitude. He abandoned Calvinism, and became "tainted with the errors of general redemption and free will." Mr. Burgess's labour of love is a worthy monument to one of those ardent spirits whom history cannot afford to lose.

W. W.

THE MAN-MADE WORLD.

The Man-Made World. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

OUR one objection to "The Man-Made World" is that its title is too suggestive of the special pleader. This book is the work of an American writer who has made some notable contributions to feminist literature, and it is with some reluctance that an advocate of the woman's cause is constrained to accuse Mrs. Gilman of overstating her case. But exaggeration on one side is as bad as exaggeration on the other, and it is quite as futile to blame men for everything that goes wrong as it is unjust to oppose the granting to women of certain "rights" which will hasten their self-development, and make them more responsible citizens. The world is not "man-made," and never has been, though it is perfectly true that masculine autocracy has been largely to blame for the ignorance and helplessness of a large proportion of women from time immemorial. The "eternal Feminine" has had an enormous influence on the world (which, be it said, it has certainly helped to create), even at the worst periods, and it wields a great power at the present time affecting civilisation in many subtle ways that are not always immediately obvious. That this power often seems to subvert the highest aims of humanity is largely the result of those social anomalies which give us the charwoman and the factory-girl at one end of the scale, the "lady," with her false prestige, at the other—anomalies in which, apparently, millions of women still see no injustice.

We are extremely grateful to Mrs. Gilman, however, for her wise words respecting those essentially human qualities, common to people of both sexes, which, if they are carefully developed and trained in children, will bring about that intelligent co-operation and comradeship between men and women which all sane persons wish to see. The dominance of the female sex in the affairs of the world is as little to be desired as the continuance of masculine despotism, to which undoubtedly some of the gravest of our social evils are attributable. What is wanted is a clear perception of the different functions of men and women in regard to parenthood and the training of the young, combined with a recognition of the fact that over and above all this, for the purpose of our common life, there are aspirations and impulses that ought to be encouraged which have no relation to masculinity and femininity as such, if the world is to be stocked with rich and vigorous personali-

ties capable of unselfish activity for the general welfare. This would counteract the pernicious effect of that ceaseless insistence on sex which is so characteristic of modern civilisation, and which has resulted in men being preoccupied with the "charms" of women, and women being obsessed with the passion for personal adornment to an extent that has long hindered their mutual advancement as rational human beings. But these are matters intimately related to the whole question of the progress of mankind, as Mrs. Gilman clearly indicates, and it is becoming more and more obvious every day that the so-called "woman's question" cannot be isolated with advantage much longer, and considered apart from the social, economic, psychological and religious problems which affect the race as a whole.

THE METHODS OF RACE REGENERATION.
By C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S.Ed.,
F.Z.S. Cassell & Co. Price 6d.

It is sad to think how much preventible misery there is in the world—misery, that is, which could be prevented, if we would only apply the knowledge which we actually possess. All social reformers know that it is much less hard to find out what ought to be done than it is to bring what ought to be done within the sphere of practical politics. Public opinion must be educated, public feeling must be stirred, and both must be backed by votes. This little book by Dr. Saleeby should do much to educate public opinion with respect to certain reforms, which, in the opinion of many of us, are already overdue. Eminently practical and hopeful in outlook, clean and temperate in statement, popular in price as well as in style, it should be read by all who, with eyes of faith and longing, see the harvest of our present toil golden in the land of our children.

GOD IN EVOLUTION: A PRAGMATIC STUDY OF THEOLOGY. By Francis Howe Johnson. London: Longmans & Co. 5s. net.

WHILE many theologians and other thinkers have laboured to harmonise their religious beliefs with the modern evolutionary theories of the universe, this American writer regards evolution itself as "in one sense the greatest of all the revelations that have successively dawned upon the mind of man. It is the greatest in that it includes all other revelations, and immensely augments their value by giving them their proper setting as parts of one great world manifestation." Instead of a weapon forged by science against religion, it was an enormous advance upon former science, and an advance in the direction of a more religious interpretation of life. "Evolution, though the legitimate offspring of science, was not in harmony with it. Not only did it stand aloof from its formulated principles, but it seemed to carry implications that invalidated the most fundamental of them. Science had occupied itself with one aspect of nature,

its instrumentalities. It would have nothing to do with the question of origins." But the "Origin of Species" broke new ground, far from the old mechanical philosophy of science, and made necessary new categories of life and becoming, in order to explain the vast drama of the world's gradual unfolding which had hitherto been hidden from the ken of science. The author believes that a pragmatic method of studying this aspect of nature's teaching (not, however, necessarily adopting "pragmatism" in the strict sense of a theory of truth) will give us a valid and powerful theology. He had not read Bergson until after most of the book was written, but he believes himself to be in close harmony with the main tendencies of that philosopher. But the influence of William James is the paramount one. Among other things the book represents the widespread reaction against the older theologies which, in ascribing omnipotence and other infinities to God, "thought to honour Him with high-sounding titles, but only crowned Him with emptiness and vacuity."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"THE VALLEY OF THE DARK ROCKS."

KING MOUNTAIN-SOLITUDE and Queen Forest-Shade reigned together over a wild tract of country where snow peaks rose and the wind blew fresh and strong; where pine-woods covered the sides of the mountains, and streams dashed singing over the rocks till they joined the rivers which flowed through the valleys.

The King and Queen were sad; they had no child, and they were cut off from other kingdoms by a gloomy region through which few tried to pass. Mighty boulders had lain in this valley for many centuries, piled up one above the other, and looking like strange forms to those who were of a fearful heart. Some, like huge animals, seemed to be grimly guarding the entrance to the valley, others crouching ready to spring on the traveller, and all were dark and bare.

An ancient prophecy had said that never until pure unselfish Joy should pass through the valley would there be any change, and the King and Queen were so forbidding in their stern and silent sorrow that there seemed little likelihood of Joy coming through that lonely country, to make her home with them.

The King's subjects feared the mysterious heights where he sat enthroned, and dreaded the deep shadows of the Queen's gardens. And the King frowned ever more and more sternly, and the Queen moaned and sighed as she passed under the trees.

There came a time, however, when a beautiful child played about in the King's court, and so great was the happiness of the royal pair when they received this priceless blessing, that they called her only "Joy." Those who had shunned

the Court because of its shadows and silence now brought gifts for the little princess; one gave her virtue, another health, and a third the gift of unselfish desire to bring sunshine into the lives of others.

As Joy grew up she learned about the Valley of the Dark Rocks, and, unknown to her parents, she set off to see for herself what there was that people dreaded. "Perhaps it is not so terrible after all," said Joy to herself, "and if once I can go that way, others will go too, if I tell them about it, and then how glad my Father and Mother will be!"

She climbed fearlessly over the boulders, springing lightly from rock to rock, and finding nothing to fear she went right through the valley till she came to the limit of her Father's kingdom. Here she stood gazing at the beautiful view which lay stretched out before her. Peak after peak rose against the deep blue of the sky, and between Joy and the snow-mountains were sunny valleys and tracts of cultivated land. She longed to go further, but knew that her path lay homeward through the Dark Valley, and that the King and Queen would ere this have missed her and be anxious for her return.

On entering the Valley again, what was Joy's amazement at seeing flowers all around her path. Every rock, every boulder shone with blossoms, crimson and deep red, palest pink and pure white, bright yellow and richest gold; not tall waving flowers, but delicate clusters clinging to every corner, filling every crevice, and transforming the once grim and gloomy rocks into a radiant mass of colour, through which the sun's rays filtered with shifting changing light, till every stem and leaf and floweret was glorified.

Joy hastened home, eager to relate to the King how lovely she had found the Valley of the Dark Rocks, and how there was nothing to be afraid of, but only beauty and light on every rock.

And the King knew that the old spell was taken away, and that he and his subjects would no longer be cut off from other kingdoms, for Joy, pure, unselfish Joy, had passed through the Valley, and wherever she had stepped light and flowers had crowded in her path, and the King and Queen blessed the little princess Joy anew.

K. F. L.

Suggested by the marvellous beauty of the rock plants which blossomed in July in a valley full of sombre-looking boulders, Switzerland.

MEMORIAL NOTICE.

THE REV. SILAS FARRINGTON.

WE regret to announce that the Rev. Silas Farrington died suddenly at Cannes on Tuesday evening, December 19. A memorial service will be held in the Richmond Free Church, where Mr. Farrington was minister from October, 1889, to October, 1904, when he gave up active

ministerial work, on Saturday, January 6, at 3 o'clock.

We take the following extracts from the sympathetic obituary notice by Professor C. H. Herford, which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on December 26:—

It is now within a few months of forty years since the New England preacher stood up in the pulpit of John James Taylor, officiating—slightly to the scandal of his more conservative hearers—without a gown, and exhibiting a pronounced disregard for most of the other traditional apparatus of Unitarian orthodoxy. His manner struck hearers accustomed to the unction of pulpit oratory as blunt and homely; the catch words, the stock allusions, the sounding commonplaces of the conventional preacher were altogether wanting, and those who missed them commonly complained also of the strong American accent and a pronunciation which took no account whatever of British canons of speech. But the qualified hearer soon became aware that these disturbing peculiarities were the channel through which thoughts of rugged power and magnetic appeal were finding their way; that the blunt, matter-of-fact, almost nonchalant manner concealed the passion of a deeply spiritual mind; and that the disdain for all the tricks of rhetoric did not exclude an unsought, even unconscious, but strangely penetrating, eloquence. His ideas went home the more surely because they took his hearers somewhat by surprise, came without the customary recommendations and testimonials, and arrived by unusual avenues of approach.

To the current Unitarianism and its theology his attitude was not unlike that of Emerson. The name itself he repudiated as a merely doctrinal label; and if he did not repudiate the doctrine he disengaged it from the Biblical setting and interpretation, and translated it not only into modern terms, but into terms of modern aspirations and needs. His own thinking was deeply coloured by that of the ethical teachers of many ages and schools, and of the great English poets. Without being learned, he had a wonderful command of the literature that spoke to him, and he used it with complete unconcern for current shibboleths. Goethe and Voltaire, Marcus Aurelius and St. Francis, Wordsworth and Walt Whitman, Ruskin and Carlyle, and many more had each yielded him his good. But he was in no sense a bookish man. His library was by no means (like Prospero's kingdom) large enough. He loved nature with a controlled but inextinguishable passion; there no less, perhaps even more, than in thought and culture his religion had its springs and found its nutriment. Every year, with few exceptions, he travelled in Switzerland or Italy, often alone. In these experiences he found, it may be, his deepest joy, and even at 80 they could elicit from him something of the frank gaiety of a child.

It was in one of these extraordinarily happy moods that the end, without a moment's warning, came to him. He had been staying near Cannes for some weeks with his wife and some old friends. On the night of December 19 he left the pension, despite affectionate entreaties, attended only by a boy, to climb to the citadel, from which there is a wide view by night

of the glittering lights of the town, and beyond of the lustrous sea. He climbed in the highest spirits, perhaps too eagerly for his years. While gazing on the wonderful scene he suddenly fell dead into the boy's arms. All help was unavailing. Three days later he was interred in the little English cemetery of Cannes. Such a close to a long and vigorous life has in it something of strange beauty and felicity, harrowing as its suddenness, without farewell, must be to the survivors. He had been a lifelong lover of the Earth, as of Man; in a moment when his heart was full of her beauty it ceased to beat.

A correspondent, who was a personal friend of Mr. Farrington, has sent us the following appreciation:—

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me.”

So it was, and so he would have wished it; out in the open, under the deep blue heavens twinkling with myriads of stars, and at his feet the sparkling lights of the town; so best for him came the call to be—who knows?—himself amongst the stars. Full of years, full of hope, he had that joyousness of spirit which still remains with us to show what age can be—age that never was old. He had a heart that was always filled to overflowing with loving kindness. His life was an inspiration because everything was of interest to him. Nature, politics, art, music, literature, flowers and birds—he appreciated them all; and his letters and sermons proved how human he was, how he understood goodness and evil. With a smile he would sympathise and take the side of the sinner, till one was forced to acknowledge that perhaps the black sheep might be whiter than was generally supposed.

He hated labels, particularly the denominational label; he had gone beyond any narrowness of mind, and in every faith he discovered something inspiring. He sometimes found it in the new great cathedral at Westminster, yet his faith and that of the Roman Catholics were poles apart.

His letters from abroad were full of the keenest enjoyment of mountain and lake, and descriptions of chance acquaintances so vividly written that you felt you also had met them. In a few words he would give you pictures of sunrise and sunset, of glaciers and rolling clouds; and through the whole ran the joy of life more and more till that last day, the red-letter day of this last journey, when he said, “I am much impressed by the glory of this world. Splendid days, splendours of sea and shore and sky, magnificent situations, structures, and especially magnificent people.” His last words on earth were: “How beautiful it all is!” Let us say, “How beautiful it is to have known such an one.” Let us speak especially of his love and friendship, for friendship, which has as many facets as a diamond, was in his case as enduring. So leave him resting under bluer skies than ours, where the roses bloom in winter and the spring is not long delayed.

D. R.

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

STRIKES, SETTLED AND OTHERWISE.

THE Dundee strike, which was settled after an almost continuous sitting of 17 hours, under the presidency of Sir G. Askwith, is another added to that great mediator's long list of successes. It is to be hoped that the parties to the great cotton difficulty, which began this week, and which, if long continued, will mean enormous loss, not only to both sides, but indirectly to Lancashire as a whole and even to a much wider area, will make haste to invoke the services of Sir G. Askwith and the Industrial Council. Although, superficially speaking, it has appeared in some recent industrial disputes that the employees have plunged into a conflict without due consideration, two things ought always to be remembered on the other side—the rise in wages has not, as a whole, been proportionate to the enormous profits which industry has made during the last 50 years; moreover, the cost of living has undoubtedly increased during the last 10 years. Second, for most workmen who strike there is the immediate prospect of short commons for themselves and their families. The outside public may frequently not agree with the demands made by strikers, but surely the disinterested spectator must recognise that a great deal of courage and steadfastness is required to face the sight of wife and children starving; and this is what a strike almost invariably means. It may also be added that the time is now ripe for discussing the question whether the whole of the community can allow industry to be dislocated by long-continued conflicts between two sets of organisations, which, in the last resort, have no reason for existence except in so far as they serve the general interest. After all, both employers and employed are the servants of the public, who are their customers.

CRIME A DISEASE.

American and Italian criminologists are strongly advocating the view that crime is a disease, to be traced, especially in the young, to physical causes and not moral corruption. Some American judges hold this view so strongly that, instead of inflicting prison sentences they turn the prisoners over to the surgeons to see if they cannot cure them. Judge De Lacy, of the Juvenile Court of Washington, is so convinced of the soundness of this theory that he has made medical examinations almost a regular part of the Court work. He asserts that incorrigible, lazy, backward and criminal children have been cured of their bad habits by surgical operations. “Many such children,” report the physicians to whom he has sent them, “are not criminal in intent, but are suffering from eye, throat, ear or other disease, and either through pain or nervousness they become abnormal. Children whose eyes and ears are affected cannot study, and they remain away from school; they are idle and fall into mischief; they become criminals, not because they are naturally evil, but because of the circumstances. To punish them simply

makes them worse and hardens them. The cure is in the hands of the surgeon or physician. Enlarged tonsils and adenoids are said to be the most frequent cause of juvenile crime. . . . Whenever the adenoids are removed by an operation the children usually become normal again."

AN APPEAL FOR THE FISHER INSTITUTION.

THE Rev. C. J. Street writes as follows from 125, Rustlings-road, Sheffield :—

Three years ago I wrote to your paper, calling attention to the claims which the Fisher Institution (Sheffield) has upon the attention of generously inclined Unitarians, and to the urgent need there was then for supplementing the income of the charity by providing for some of the distressing applications of ladies in reduced circumstances for annuities which, for want of adequate funds, the Governors were obliged to decline. By the generous response of two friends who undertook independently to provide the means for the purpose, we were able to give one lady an annuity of £15, and another an annuity of £10; and, through the efforts of one of these friends, a third was able to receive an annuity of £25 from another charity. These three ladies, all of whom would have been otherwise disappointed, are now in receipt of these annuities, which have made all the difference possible in their lives. If other kind-natured people, whose hearts may be open at this Christmas season, could only realise the relief and happiness which this means for elderly ladies to whom fortune has not been kind, I am sure they would respond to the renewed appeal which I make now.

We are holding a fresh election on January 8 of two annuitants, who must be ladies of good character whose means have been reduced, and who believe in the Unity of God as opposed to Trinitarianism. The Trust allows one more alternative of religious faith as regards one-third of the whole number of annuitants, viz., that they may be Roman Catholics. The Trust seems a curious one till its history is known, but it was founded to provide for the two classes of Unitarians and Roman Catholics who were explicitly excluded from a similar local institution. The vacancies to be filled on this occasion are Unitarian ones. There are eight annuitants at present (of whom three are Catholics) who receive £15 per annum, or a little more than the funds permit. The two more to be elected will be placed on the same footing. But for these two vacancies 19 applications have been approved by the board of management as eligible, the list being now closed. Without exception these are all cases of hardship and need, and the Governors are placed in the painful position of having to reject 17 applicants whom they know to be deserving and in distressed circumstances. The applicants hail from all parts of the country. It is impossible to go into particulars, but I may say, by way of illustration, that they include a widow, two daughters, a niece

and a mother-in-law of ministers. The Governors by no means confine their selections to Sheffield, though, as the place of foundation, it naturally has the first claim.

Will not other friends come now to the rescue, and place in my hands the means of taking on through the Fisher Institution one of these seventeen applicants who would otherwise be turned away? Most of them are over 60 years of age, and have little prospect of election at any other time. £15 a year does not mean much to many, but to others it means all the difference between a wretched and hopeless struggle, and comparative comfort and ease of mind. A gift of £500 to the Institution would answer the same purpose, and might be to a few easier to give than a pledge of an annual sum. A donation of £50 constitutes life governorship, with power to vote in all cases, and every additional £50 gives another vote, up to five. I shall be glad to give further information to anyone who may feel inclined to respond to this appeal.

LECTURES ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN MANCHESTER.

THE Social Questions Committee of the Manchester District Association has just concluded a series of public lectures and debates, held in the Memorial Hall, Manchester. Among those who addressed the meetings were Miss Dendy, on "Public Policy in Relation to the Feeble Minded"; Mr. C. E. B. Russell, on "Public Policy in Relation to Juvenile Crime"; Councillor Johnston and Alderman Fielder (Chairman of the Sanitary Committee), on "Public Policy in Relation to Housing and Town Planning." There was also a debate on "Unemployment" opened by the Rev. W. Whitaker (of Platt), and a discussion on "Poor Law Administration" between Councillor Marr, Mr. J. H. Russell and Mrs. Jarrett. The Committee hope to take effective action with regard to two of the subjects discussed, viz., the Feeble Minded, and Housing and Town Planning.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Bolton - on - Dearne Free Congregational Church.—This newly formed church represents a most interesting movement. The Rev. Thos. Anderson is minister of the Mexborough Congregational Church, but he and his church stand quite independent. Mr. Anderson, who is a member of the Sheffield District Ministers' Union, has taken service in Unitarian churches, preached from the van on several occasions, and spoken two or three times at the united services of the District Churches

in Sheffield. On the last occasion he and several of his Mexborough people were present, and also the secretary and other members of the new church at Bolton. This church was founded last April by Mr. Anderson at the request of several young men who used to walk over to Mexborough and attend the services there. No available place of meeting presented itself but a room in a cottage, where services have since been regularly held, the room being crowded out. A Sunday school, now numbering over ninety, has been held in rooms in three houses of the members. It was, of course, impossible to go on like this, and a proper place of meeting had to be provided. Accordingly a piece of freehold land was purchased, upon this a small iron church has been erected, and on Thursday last this building was formally opened amid great rejoicings. The most encouraging thing about the movement is that it is entirely spontaneous, and that the members are showing their earnestness in work and sacrifice. Among themselves—though they are only working people—they have raised between £30 and £40 towards the cost of land, building, and furnishing, estimated at a little over £200. Advantageous terms have been arranged with the bank. The trust deed of the church, which is being prepared, dedicates it simply to "the worship of God," without any doctrinal requirement. It will always be a Free Church. Several of the new trustees are selected from the Unitarian laymen of the district. The church has allied itself with the newly formed "Sheffield and District Association of Unitarian, Free Christian, and Free Congregational Churches." It has chosen as its motto that which appears on the "Sheffield Unitarian Monthly Record," viz., "In the Freedom of Truth and in the Spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the Worship of God and for the Service of Man." The door of the new building was unlocked by Mrs. C. H. Arey, of Mexborough, and the Rev. T. Anderson preached. The Lord Mayor of Sheffield (Mr. A. J. Hobson) presided at the evening meeting, and was supported by the Rev. T. Anderson, Dr. Ram, and Mr. C. H. Arey (of Mexborough), the Revs. C. J. Street, A. H. Dolphin, and J. W. Cock, Messrs. W. Sinclair and W. G. Turner (of Sheffield), and the Rev. Leonard Short (Hannington). The Lord Mayor said he was present as one of the trustees of the Upper Chapel, the second oldest church in Sheffield, and founded next after the Parish Church, which in the old days was known as the Great Meeting House of Sheffield. He had been a trustee of the chapel he referred to since 1885, his father was a trustee before him for nearly fifty years, his ancestors had attended it from its foundation, and one of them assisted to build it more than 200 years ago. It was a very long connection for any family to have with any place of worship. They owed more than they knew to their country, because their ancestors had given them good government by free discussion as free citizens in a free country. It was for them to see that they did not allow any of the great traditions, which had made England a great moral force throughout the world, to be lowered. The Empire would cease to grow and turn to decay when they ceased to have a moral force. He concluded by congratulating them on the freedom and earnestness of their movement, and urged them to stand together and let no personal differences at any time interfere with their united support of the great principles of their faith. Addresses were also given by the Rev. A. H. Dolphin, Mr. W. Lount (church secretary), Mr. W. Sinclair, the Rev. C. J. Street and the Rev. T. Anderson. The collection for the building fund amounted to over £7. The Rev. T. Anderson preached again on Sunday last. The Sunday evening services will be conducted by lay preachers from Mexborough and Sheffield, with a visit once a

month from a minister, on which occasion an afternoon service will also be held.

Manchester: Moss Side.—A sale of work recently held in connection with the church at Moss Side, which was opened by Alderman Healey, of Heywood, realised the sum of £120 4s. 5d. Service was held as usual on Christmas morning, when the Rev. A. Cunliffe Fox, B.A., preached on "The Feast of St. Friend."

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

FRANCE AND HER PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

A correspondent writing to the *Westminster Gazette* recently on the impression that exists as to the "godlessness of French school-books" and French education generally, pointed out that the fifth section of the fifth chapter of a little manual by M. Mezières, which is used in primary and secondary schools throughout the French dominions, is devoted to duty towards God. The question is asked, "Who then created the world around us, woods, meadows, rivers, and all living creatures, the sun that warms us, the myriads of stars that illumine the heavens on summer nights?" In answering the question the following conception of God is given:—"You know the difference, my children, between right and wrong. You feel pleasure when you have acted rightly, and regret when you have deserved blame. You are conscious of an idea of goodness you cannot attain to, an idea of a Perfect Being, namely God. It is God who has given you this idea, in order that you may endeavour to resemble Him by goodness. The more virtuous you become, the clearer will be your notion of God. Our duties towards God are to harken to the voice of conscience and reason, to cultivate obedience, reverence, and love."

* * *

M. Mezières is a *député*, Academician, and Professor of the Faculté des Lettres, and his manual, which was first published in 1883, reached a tenth edition in 1909. As the State education throughout France and its Colonial Empire is strictly non-sectarian, this and other manuals of duty are placed in the hands not only of Roman Catholic and Protestant, but of Jewish and Mohammedan children.

A BUST BY RODIN FOR THE MANCHESTER ART GALLERY.

A bust of Victor Hugo, by Auguste Rodin, has just been presented to the Manchester Art Gallery. Mr. Butterworth, chairman of the committee, informed those present at the unveiling a few days ago that the Art Gallery had purchased in addition, within the last month, two life-size bronze statues by M. Rodin, and they looked forward to possessing a fine collection of modern sculpture, including works by Gilbert, Carpeaux, Rude, Barye, Meunier, Harvard Thomas, and others. It will be remembered that not long ago the original model of Thomas's bronze statue, "Lycidas," was presented to the committee by Mr. M. E. Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds. Mr. Butterworth quoted the prophetic words of R. L. Stevenson, who spoke of

the genius of Rodin in a letter written in 1886 as follows: "Here is a man coming forward whose statues live and speak, and speak things worth uttering. . . . Give him time, spare him nicknames and the cant of cliques, and I venture to predict this man will take a place in the public heart."

"THE BLUE BIRD" AGAIN.

Maeterlinck's beautiful fairy play, like the immortal "Peter Pan," is with us once more, and seems as popular as ever. Many of those who saw it when it was first put on the stage will be glad that the two scenes which were eliminated last year, especially the one in the forest where the animals and trees try to visit upon the children the sins of "grown-ups" who are constantly destroying the wild life of the woodland, have been re-introduced. It is hardly surprising that "The Blue Bird" has met with the greatest success in Germany, Russia, and France, for its symbolism is of a universal character which could be understood and appreciated in any country. After the present season at the Queen's Theatre it will tour in Australia and round the world.

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS.

We are very glad to learn that the beautiful old Russian folk-songs, which are being superseded by the modern factory songs or translations of foreign sentimental ones like "The Last Rose of Summer," are being carefully collected and published by the Imperial Geographical Society. In remote villages (says the Russian correspondent of the *Times*) every village girl still learns these old songs, which comprise "children's songs, choruses, dancing songs, and songs of action; songs satirical or humorous, songs of ritual (for weddings, funerals, feasts), soldier or recruit songs, historical and legendary barge, prison, robber, and religious songs."

* * *

"No enumeration of Russian songs would be complete without a mention of the Volga barge songs. The life of the bargeman is usually looked upon as the hardest a free man can have, and his songs reflect the sadness of his lot. The most celebrated of them—known all over Russia and sung in concert halls—is the "Dubinushka" (the pole), and the words cannot be very old, as the reference to machinery in the second verse shows:—

'The wise Englishman to lighten labour
Has invented machines of all kinds,
But the Russian Muzhik, when his task
is too hard,
Sings, just sings his own song of the pole.'

HEINE IN LONDON.

We learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that the London County Council is putting a plaque on one of the old houses in Craven-street, which dips down to the river from Charing Cross, to remind us that Heine stayed there for a few months when he visited London. Our great city impressed Heine, but he was not happy in it, for the reason given later on when he wrote his impressions, that London is a place for a philosopher but not for a poet. He stood one day at the corner of Cheapside and

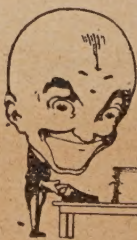
compared the rushing crowd to the French crossing the Beresina. "It seemed to me that all London was a Beresina Bridge, where everyone presses in mad haste to save his scrap of life, . . . where everyone who falls is lost for ever." In the West End he was struck, as people might easily be to-day, by the contrast of luxury and poverty, and in place of the palaces which he apparently expected to find everywhere in London he saw "nothing but mere small houses," impressive in their uniformity and limitless extent.

THE ART OF TAKING PAINS.

William Morris was not only a versatile genius with an inexhaustible capacity for work, but he was supremely gifted in the art of taking pains in order to make everything he undertook, however unimportant, relatively speaking, a complete success. In one of the last four volumes of his collected works which have just been published, his daughter gives a delightful picture of him engaged in a task which would have been extremely monotonous to anybody less enthusiastic about decorative effects than himself. "My father," she says, "was extraordinarily patient—with things, if not with people always. . . . I have watched his broad hand as it covered a gold square half an inch in size with wee flowers formed of five pin-point dots of white laid with the extreme point of a full brush. The least wavering would have meant a jog or a blot, but the blossoms grew with the ease and surety that one associates with a Chinese craftsman who has spent his life with a brush in his hand."

* * *

The conscientious way in which Morris set himself to discover the old methods of dyeing is familiar to all who have read the story of his crowded life. The thoroughness with which he did this, during the time he spent in Leek, may be gathered from a letter to his wife in which this characteristic passage occurs: "Please I shall want a bath when I get home: you may imagine I shall not be very presentable as to colour: I have been dyeing in the blue vat to-day: we had to work it at 130 deg. and a hot work it was, as you must keep the goods clean under the surface of the bath. . . . I have been red-dyeing also, but have not tackled the greens and yellows yet: I must try to do something in them before I go: I set myself too much work to do: that is a fact."



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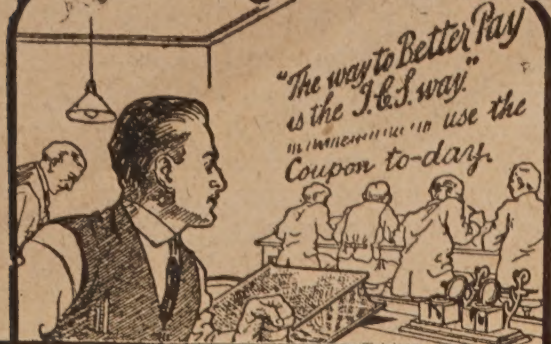
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